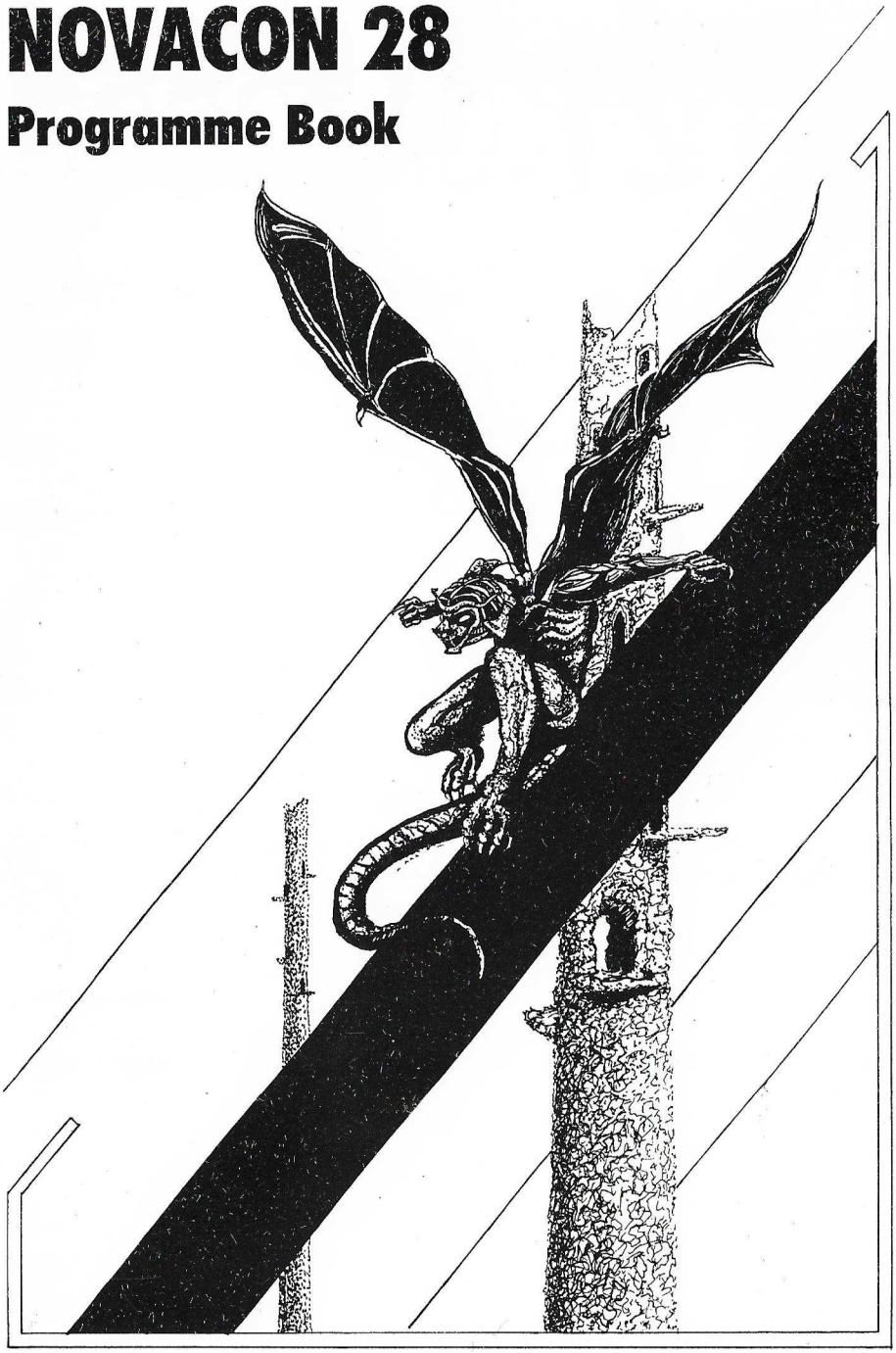
NOVACON 28

Programme Book



2 KON 2000

Eastercon: the British National Science Fiction Convention

21st-24th April 2000
The Central Hotel, Glasgow, Scotland

Theme: Celtic SF and Fantasy

Supporting this theme, we have invited:

Guy Gavriel Kay **Deborah Turner Harris** **Katherine Kurtz**

to be our Guests of Honour

Other Programming Aims

We will be running several programme items aimed at the ages of 8 to 15.

As a contrast to our theme, we will have a substantial Hard Science stream, with such features as:

Science Fiction as Fact

How has the fiction affected the progress of the science?

Recent Developments in Science

No personal jetpacks or weather control as yet, but what has science brought us in the recent years?

Science for Interested Non-Scientists

Items specifically for our attendees who aren't scientists themselves, but who want to keep abreast of the field.

Membership Rates

Attending: £ 25 (Unwaged*: £ 20) Supporting: £ 15 Junior (8-15†): £ 15 Child (0-7†): Free

*:Details on request †:Refers to the child's age on the date of the convention.

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A member of the Scottish Science Fiction Federation. Registered with Electrical Eggs (UK).

Novacon 28: 13th to 15th November 1998 at the Britannia Hotel, Birmingham, with Guest of Honour: Paul J. McAuley.

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Committee: Martin Tudor (Chairman & Publications), Steve Lawson (Registrations), Pat McMurray (Programme), Carol Morton (Hotel Liaison), Tony Morton (Treasurer) and Chris Murphy (Operations).
Staff: Nic Farey (Tech Ops), Nigel Furlong (Book Room), John Harrold (Art Show), Al Johnston (Transport), Dave Lally (the Dave Lally Programme Room) and Mike Scott (Programme Sub-Committee -- yes, all of it).

Thank You to all of the above and to the contributors: Brian Ameringen, Tony Berry, Vijay Bowen, Vernon Brown, Jo Fletcher, Victor Gonzalez, Steve Green (illo pg 21), Julian Headlong, Farah Mendlesohn, Dave Mooring (cover), Kim Newman, Ulrika O'Brien, Graham Powell, Sarah Prince, Yvonne Rowse, Sheffield SF Group, Mike D Siddall, Drew Wood; along with everyone who has worked on and at the convention! Finally many thanks to Paul McAuley for being our Guest of Honour.

This publication was produced by Martin Tudor for Novacon 28, November 1998, on behalf of the Birmingham Science Fiction Group and was printed by Printability, Unit 20, Lye Business Centre, Enterprise Drive, Lye, Stourbridge, West Midlands, DY9 8QH.

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"The Chairman Welcomes You..." by Martin Tudor

Well if you are reading this I guess you probably made it to the convention despite the best efforts of the West Midlands Police and Birmingham City Council. The two organisations who, I'm sure you are aware, decided to close the main access road to the Britannia Hotel giving just a few days notice. *sigh*

Both the Britannia and ourselves had been half-expecting the Council to close New Street on Saturday for the Christmas shopping period (as they did last year). To allow us to give up to date "How to Get There" information we'd left production of the final Progress Report until the last minute. But even that wasn't late enough to include changes to access just six days before Novacon.

I think the single most annoying thing about this bizarre decision to extend the already confusing part-pedestrianisation of Birmingham city centre (apart from its obvious stupidity, the inconvenience to able-bodied and disabled alike, the fact that it increases inconvenience without increasing road safety, etc.) is the incredible secrecy about it all. In a blatant effort to reduce the amount of time that people would have to protest against the decision, the official notification of the road closure, which was effective from the 7th November, was posted in New Street on (or about) the 3rd November -- it was dated the 5th of November. The letter notifying the Britannia of the fact that the main road to their business was to be closed arrived at the same time. Yet in the Winterval '98 leaflet distributed the same week, *but produced several weeks earlier in October*, West Midlands Travel run an advert advising people of the road closure and of the new locations of their bus stops. How early was this decision made and why weren't other businesses, council tax payers and *convention organisers* informed as early as WMT?

Birmingham: conference city in the Big Heart of England -- *Aaargh!*

However I hope that the access problems don't spoil your enjoyment too much and that you are able to relax and enjoy this book and the con, have fun!

The Programme by Pat McMurray

We've tried to leave the programme flexible enough so that you can attend lots of it and still eat, get a beer and hang out. Most programme items are 45 minutes long in one hour slots, thus giving you 15 whole minutes every hour of beer and toilet time! There are empty hour long slots at lunchtime and in the evening, and we hope you will shape your evening at least partially around the

programme. For those of you who want music and action, discos and ceilidhs go on until late. For those of you who want conversation, the bars will be open!

A small prize will be given to the fan who spots the most film and TV references in this programme. If more than one fan wins, the small prize will be split into even smaller prizes! When you enter, include a list of the references.

(Please note that this programme may change slightly on the day. All events will be in the Gloucester Room on the 9th floor except where otherwise stated.)

FRIDAY

19:00 Opening Ceremony
Participants: Paul J McAuley, Martin Tudor & Committee.
Meet our wonderful guest, our delightful committee and our reprehensible chairman.

19:10 Modern Space Opera
Participants: Paul J McAuley, Peter F Hamilton, John Meaney, Pat McMurray(Moderator).
It's back! It's bigger and better! It's British! Following two fallow decades for space opera, The Empire Strikes Back

20:00 Birmingham Science Fiction Group Meeting featuring Brian W. Aldiss
Birmingham Science Fiction Group event to launch the second volume of Brian Aldiss's autobiography. Open to non-members of the BSFG (i.e. all members of Novacon!).

21:00 Dinner
Participants: Everybody.
The Restaurant on the first floor -- go eat, have a beer, hang out.

21:00 Brian W. Aldiss Signing Session
Following his talk in the Gloucester, on the 9th floor, Brian Aldiss will move down to the Mezzanine where he will be signing copies of the second volume of his autobiography, THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE: MY LIFE AS AN ENGLISHMAN (Little, Brown), in Harvey's.

22:00 To Hell With Burgundy
Described as "Fleetwood Mac meets the Pogues", To Hell With Burgundy are a folk rock band who played at Intuition the 1998 Eastercon in Manchester.

00:00 Ceilidh
Participants: The 2Kon committee and anyone else who wants to join in.
The 2000 Eastercon, 2Kon, provide the traditional celtic ceilidh.

SATURDAY

11:00 The Christmas Lectures: What Really Happened
Participant: Ian Stewart.
Professor Ian Stewart, next year's Guest of Honour, talks about the experience of giving the Royal Institution Christmas Lectures.

12:00 Book Auction
Participants: Rog Peyton, 1/2r Cruttenden.
Buy some books, sell some books.

13:00 Lunch
Participants: Everybody.
The Restaurant on the first floor -- have a sandwich, go shopping.

14:00 Guest of Honour Interview
Participants: Paul J McAuley, Pat Cadigan
Novacon 28's Guest of Honour is interviewed by Pat Cadigan

15:00 Blankety Blank
Participants: Bridget Bradshaw, Mike Siddall.
Another fun Blankety Blank, filled with wit, humour and Blankety Blank, presented by Bug. Sadly her Beautiful Assistant couldn't make it so we've got Mike Siddall instead.

16:00 Whatever happened to Bat Durston?
Participants: Julian Headlong, Peter Weston
Peter and Julian reminiscing about futures past, the science fictional present and the future of future future histories.

17:00 Reconvened Quiz
Participants: Gwen Funnell, Peter Wareham.
The 1999 Eastercon present this regurgitated reconvened quiz. Yes, they'll be selling memberships afterwards.

18:00 The Professionals
Participants: Chris Amies, Lisanne Norman, Cherith Baldry, Jo Walton (Moderator), Anne Gay
You're a fan. You've been published and paid. What's now different in your experience of being a fan, and your understanding of being a pro?

19:00 Dinner
Participants: Everybody
The Restaurant on the first floor -- it's called the F-Plan diet.

20:00 TAFF MUST DIE!
Participants: Julian Headlong, Maureen Kincaid Speller, Victor Gonzalez, moderated by Sue Mason

Some people feel that the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund (TAFF) has outlived its purpose. Some people feel it's still an important part of fannish culture. TAFF hater Julian Headlong, TAFF winner Maureen Kincaid Speller and TAFF loser Victor Gonzalez discuss the issue moderated by the relatively neutral Sue Mason.

21:00 My Claire Lady
Participants: Ian Sorensen, Julia Daly, Linda Krawecke, Debbi Kerr, Chris O'Shea, Noel Collyer and the artist formerly known as Pat McMurray.
Just when you thought it was safe to come back to Novacon, Ian Sorensen has risen from his crypt and given life to yet another travesty of a rock musical, aided by a cast of thousands, most of whom should have known better.

22:00 Fan Fund Auction -- Something Different
Participants: Maureen Kincaid Speller and the Spellerettes.
This will be held in the Warwick (at the back of the Gloucester) if TAFF is still alive following the earlier item, something wonderful is going to happen, to raise money for TAFF, GUFF and other fannish good causes.

23:00 Bad Influence
Live music from a committee member and his band, but don't let that influence you.

23.45 James Henry's Disco
We promise, no canary yellow trousered DJs this year. Unsuitable comments about yellow submarines were edited out here...

00:15 Bad Influence Part Two

01.00 James Henry's Disco Part Two

SUNDAY

11:00 To Boldly Go
Participants: KIM Campbell and others.
We're promised that this will be an interesting presentation about the proposed bid for another UK Worldcon. Reminded of the ancient Chinese curse, we wait with baited breath.

12:00 Art Auction
Participants: Rog Peyton, Chris Morgan, 1/2r Cruttenden
You just know you've got a suitable space for that painting at home. Go on, go on, you know you want to.

13:00 Lunch
Participants: Everyone
The Restaurant on the first floor -- I'll have what she s having.

14:00 The Nature of Science
Participants: Paul J McAuley, Dave Clements (Moderator), Amanda Baker
Is the modern template of science that of Pandora's Box, rather than that of Prometheus?

15:00 SF Foundation Relaunch
Participants: Caroline Mullan, Paul Kincaid and others
Over the past year the Friends of Foundation have been working towards a relaunch as the SF Foundation. For a large part of the past decade, saving the library has been a driving force behind FoF, and now that it is secure they can turn to other matters. This will be a sampler of the new plans -- education, the journal, the Clarke Award, etc.

16:00 Turkey Basting
Participants: Julian Headlong, Mike Siddall, Carol Morton
You know how this works. You donate money to charity, we stop reading; you donate money to charity, we keep reading; you throw pounds at us and we grab them and hide under the table.

17:00 Awards Ceremony
Paul J McAuley, Martin Tudor, Committee, Award Winners, Gophers, Quiz Winners
It's nearly over. Come and see fanzine writers and artists be embarrassed, gophers be honoured and our guest be appreciated. We've worked hard, we've had fun, we've drunk too much.

18:00 Dinner
Participants: Everyone who is left.
This sitting of the Con Menu will be served from in the Warwick on the ninth floor -- best stoke up before you start drinking!

20:00 The International Beer Tasting
Participants: Tony Berry and whoever's left.
"Our beer which art in barrels,/ Hallowed be thy drink,/ Thy will be drunk, I will be drunk,/ At home as we are in the local./ Give us this day our daily ale,/ And forgive us our daily spillage/ As we forgive them that spillage against us./ Lead us not into temptation of Nitrokegs,/ And deliver us from Lagers and Alcopops./ For mine is the bitter, the mild and the porter,/ Forever and ever/ Barmen."
Now it's over. Goodbye. See you next year. Sayonara. Hasta la vista, baby.

Finally, we also have the Dave Lally Programme in the Severn Room (next door to Novacon Registration -- see the flip chart for details) and two workshops

arranged: a Writer's Workshop by Graham Joyce on the Saturday and a Presentation Workshop by John D Rickett (see your Read Me Inside for further details).

[Pat McMurray is responsible for The Memory Hole Annex an Archive and Repository of Convention Materials which can be viewed at http://www.cooky.demon.co.uk/index.html, or you can contact Pat at pat@cooky.demon.co.uk or 28, Plaistow Grove, Bromley, KENT BR1 3PB.]

McAuley Moments by Kim Newman

In the Summer of 1993, Paul McAuley and I travelled separately to California, mostly to attend the World Science Fiction Convention in San Francisco, but also to remind ourselves of that frayed edge of reality lapped by the Pacific. We hooked up in Los Angeles, where I staked out in an anonymous motel and he stayed with an academic couple who keep a remarkable cactus garden. Paul had lived and taught in L.A. for a couple of years before he got started as a writer, and knew his way around the grids of endless streets and neighbourhoods. I'd been there before, but was more familiar with the fantasised city projected through popular culture. Between us, we had adventures, coped with things and picked up story ideas.

At that time, Paul's latest novel was Red Dust, in which Elvis Presley is a mythological figure to Chinese cowboys on Mars. In America, Paul was on the scout for E-Moments, those tiny incidents in which Elvis touches your life, whether as a stained-glass window or through a telecine sample on a tape loop in a retro-diner. As we travelled around two cities, and took a long drive between them that brought us to San Simeon and the kelp-beds of Morro Bay (Paul has a thing about kelp, which is mentioned in a surprising number of his stories and novels), I realised we were more likely to be struck by McAuley Moments. These are chance encounters with a person, building, cultural event or phenomenon that convince you Paul J. McAuley is the only writer in the science fiction field whose future is already here.

The cumulative effect of three weeks of McAuley Moments is that you come to believe Paul is the only man in the universe capable of dealing with it, if only by wearing mirror-shades ironically (not as easy as it sounds) and sniggering like some post-modern Muttley. Actually, the cool shades he is seen to be sporting in some photographs are actually old-fashioned granny-takes-a-trip black sunglasses: Paul has the knack of tilting his head so the photographer's flash catches the lenses just so and makes mirrors of them. Confronted with an impossibility, he will mull it over for a few quiet moments as if considering accepting it, and then chortle 'fuck off'.

A wino came up to us outside Book Soup on Sunset Blvd and claimed he had just triaged his head with a bottle of cleaning fluid. He had the bloody marks to prove it. In Los Angeles, down-and-outs can form sentences using the word 'triage', probably some fall-out from battlefield medical jargon in one of the USA's odd little pseudo-colonial embarrassments. That bum reappears in Paul's novel Fairyland, which is essential reading. It's the largest component of a loose cycle of near-future stories that include 'Prison Dreams', 'Dr Luther's Assistant', Children of the Revolution' and 'Slaves'. You don't need to know the novel to enjoy the stories -- a throwaway line in 'Slaves' unfairly sums up its entire plot as bad fiction -- but each shard illuminates the others.

It's a fallacy to sub-divide Paul's work into cycles (the story clusters that accrue to Fairyland, the alternate world of Pasquale's Angel or the near-far future setting of Four Hundred Billion Stars, Of the Fall/Secret Harmonies and Eternal Light), since his ideas cross the barriers between them, and stories with apparently the same background sometimes cut different ways. If you've been following his Confluence books -- so far, Child of the River and Ancients of Days, with Shrine of Stars to come -- you'll know that this approach can even obtain within the framework of a trilogy set in the same far-far future, though those of us who've heard him drop hints about the third volume have an idea that there's some clever knot-tying and doubling-back to come.

The triage bum was a McAuley Moment, revealing a truth about the way the world is going that runs through McAuley's humane but sardonic commentaries: you don't have to be ignorant to lose the place. Science Fiction used to give us technocrats as heroes, visionary spacemen and thinkers who would expand mankind's (America's, they meant) manifest destiny to the stars. Paul's Science Fiction, which is as involved with the magic and romance of realwelt science as anyone else's, gives us the marginals: workers, artists, hustlers, ex-revolutionaries, criminals, losers, eternal students. For a long time, he has taught at various academic institutes: his characters are the types who drift around the edges of any university, never quite getting round to taking or teaching classes but often spinning elaborate and pleasing theories in common rooms or hall of residence kitchens. Ancients of Days includes a s-f take on an Oxford College, with literal academic wars and a weight of ritual and rule that stifles anything approaching learning or thought.

While Cyberpunk™ replaces the old-style Dan Dares with supercool drop-outs, the Fonz with a plug in his skull, Paul knows what life in squats and collectives is really like. His outlaws spend most of their time in the cold, glimpsing the ripples of history that pass them by, sensing the great changes overtaking the universe, struggling sometimes to do the right thing in extreme circumstances, never entertaining fantasies of omnipotence or martyrdom, as deeply surrounded

by naff cultural debris as by anything which might be categorised as trendy pop reference. Like any English writer (he has Irish ancestry and lived in Scotland, but he's English), McAuley often pinpoints the exact rituals of tea-making and snack-sharing that underly his characters' circular arguments.

Among Paul's deftest works are two stories that (following Pasquale's Angel) embroider the character and legend of Dr Pretorius (the waspish mad scientist played by Ernest Thesiger in James Whale's 1935 film, Bride of Frankenstein). In 'The Temptation of Dr Stein' and 'The True History of Dr Pretorius' (which you can find in the collection The Invisible Country), there's a sense of the sheer looniness of those hidden masters who have tapped into the way the world works and manipulate it for their amusement. Dr Luther is also an avatar of Pretorius, down to the vertical cigarette mannerism borrowed from author Jack Womack (who might have got it from Leslie Banks in the film of The Most Dangerous Game), taking this creature of hidden history into the future. Typical of Paul's ingenuity is the way that the second Pretorius story almost subliminally expands on and justifies the misspelling of the character's name in the earlier encounters (I relayed the correct spelling to Paul by looking up a facsimile of the original script).

Later in our Los Angeles trip, Paul and I visited the La Brea Tar Pits, where the Japanese-style wing of the LA County Museum of Art offered another vision of a future that is already here, and happened into an exhibition of huge pictures by the artist Mark Tansey, which turned out to be another McAuley Moment. Among Tansey's most impressive works is 'Derrida Queries de Man', a parodic recreation of Sherlock Holmes's struggle with Professor Moriarty above the Reichenbach Falls in which the French philosophers Jacques Derrida and Paul de Man dance close to a precipice on a turquoise mountain-top etched with words.

The mix of complex allusion, wry humour, minute detail, populist form, serious content and figurative-narrative elements strikes me as the canvas equivalent of a McAuley novel or story. Also in that exhibition was 'The Innocent Eye Test', in which a cow in an art gallery is shown a 17th Century canvas of a bull by dignified experts, which a passing American child told his parents was his favourite picture in the exhibition. Why? 'I just like the cow. Similarly, though there's an exhausting amount of content in a story as brief as 'Gene Wars', it could also be read and loved by that kid who just liked the cow.

Paul is of that post-New Wave generation of SF writers who has rediscovered the pleasure of the gosh-wow (witness the far future kaleidoscope of 'Recording Angel') and of stories with plots and characters as well as big ideas and unusual structures. In many ways, his strength is that approachable narrative allows you to get closer to the white heat of Idea than you might think.

And, with Paul, ideas always proliferate, rushing like the dizzying waters of that fall which claimed (but didn't) Holmes, throwing up patterns and resonances.

In San Francisco, crammed in the back of a wild taxi with Ellen Datlow, Paul got into a conversation with the driver about Theory. If you have to ask 'theory of what?' you wouldn't have been able to get into the conversation. As he debated the finer points of de Man's arguments with the cabbie, I realised this was another McAuley Moment, drawing out of the woodwork yet another surprise. The philosophical taxi driver has yet to show up in Fairyland, but he would fit in, exchanging Theory with random fares, delighted to find someone capable of talking on his level. Ellen was annoyed because the guy couldn't find our restaurant, but I think that was a small price to pay. As Paul reminds me, the guy blurted 'oops, I forgot I was a taxi driver', killed the meter and did get us to our meal only half an hour late.

Pay attention to Paul McAuley. He can tell you things you need to know.

Paul J. McAuley: An Ambitious Man by Jo Fletcher

One of Paul McAuley's ambitions -- of which I am sure he has many, several probably closely related to kelp (one of his less obvious passions, but that would be another story) -- is to turn in a perfect typescript. This is the only one of his ambitions (at least the ones of which I know) that directly affects me, because I am, at this time, his beloved editor (and anyway, I know absolutely nothing about kelp, other than that some forms can be boiled up into particularly noxious drinks that are supposed to be medicinal and probably kill all known bacteria by smell alone, and at seventy paces at that). Paul yearns to produce a novel that needs no tweaking to rationalise an action, no alterations to make three dimensional an otherwise cipher of a character, no missing backstory filled in. More than that, he aims to deliver a manuscript that needs no markings other than chapter headings, no punctuation corrections; that has no spelling mistakes. (I sometimes suspect he'd prefer to be able to produce the typesetter markings himself as well, just to be sure it looks the way he knows it ought to.)

I can almost hear him as he goes through a copy-edited manuscript, grinding his teeth because a comma needed to be inserted here, a semi-colon there by his ever-loving editor. (That would be me, in case you've forgotten.) Of course, he's equally busy sneering at my corrections -- didn't I realise that this was used for stylistic purposes and that is always correct in such circumstances? (Ha! Call myself an editor?) This lust for perfection means that he is infinitely picky about suggested changes, but we have come to an amicable agreement: I'll change back anything he wants unless he is either completely wrong or louder than me. Sometimes I win.

The really strange thing about this particular ambition is that Paul actually does produce pretty much the perfect manuscript, even in first draft -- of course, the first draft he lets anyone see is probably the third run-through, so he's already picked up almost all of the inconsistencies that have dared to manifest themselves in spite of his iron grip on plot and characters, given them a thorough shaking and sent them on their way. So, knowing his eye for detail and what passes for my own reputation, I spend hours going through the pages, looking for anything -- anything -- in need of his attention, just to prove that I really have been paying attention myself. (The first draft of Child of the River (Gollancz, 1997) was a positive gift, because one of the characters, Derev, the love of Our Hero Yama's life, changed sex a third of the way through and Paul had neglected to correct the beginning. Guess that'll never happen again!) And of course there was the famous missing chapter of his Arthur C. Clarke Award-winning novel Fairyland (Gollancz, 1995), which he thought he could get away with because no one would notice a tiny, weeny little gap in the storyline. (Such moments are little glowing beacons in an editor's dull, pernickity life, as I am sure you all realise.)

However, such moments are also extremely rare and are cherished by an editor herself yearning for some little fulfilment, if only by proving her necessity to her beloved author! In reality, Paul's first draft is usually eminently publishable with naught but a scattering of corrections. When Paul committed trilogy with "The Books of Confluence", he had virtually finished the third book, Shrine of Stars (which won't be published until next September, so you'll all just have to wait with bated breath) before I was allowed anywhere near the first, Child of the River. He'd rewritten the final climactic, twisted ending of "The Books of Confluence" several times before I got a glimpse of Book Two, Ancients of Days. His final draft of any novel (or seventh, or eighth, or ninth, depending on how happy he is with the finished product) is an absolute joy to work on because I know that all I really need to do is sit back and enjoy a master at work.

Ah, did I mention that? Paul McAuley is a master, one of -- if not the -- finest writers of science fiction, not just in Britain, but in the world, working today. A biologist by earlier profession (yes, I'm sure you all remember the kelp obsession), he burst into our consciousness in the mid-nineteen eighties with a series of short stories (many later collected in The King of the Hill (Gollancz 1991), before publishing his first novel, Four Hundred Billion Stars (Gollancz 1988), which won the Philip K. Dick Award and launched his secondary -- and far more interesting, to my mind, than being a kelp expert -- career as a writer. I wasn't working for Gollancz at that stage, but I coveted Paul for my list, because even then I could see that he was a truly stellar writer, exploring old themes with new passion, intense excitement and a deep and wide-ranging intelligence to which nothing is sacred. Paul's introduced fantasy topes into hard SF environ-

ments; he's extrapolated the gene-splicing, nano-technological, virtual reality future so vividly and rationally that when it happens, no one who has ever read Fairyland or a multitude of his short stories (including those collected in The Invisible Country {Gollancz, 1996}) will be in the slightest bit surprised. And there are those of us who are still not certain that Paul's version of Renaissance Italy so beautifully and lyrically expostulated in Pasquale's Angel (Gollancz, 1994, and winner of the Sidewise Award) isn't what really happened....

I had to move to Gollancz to get my hands on Paul McAuley -- his books, that is -- and every moment working with him has been a joy. He is an author to be cherished, both by those of us who work with him and, even more importantly, by those of us who have had the good fortune to read him. If you are meeting Paul McAuley for the first time this weekend, buy him a drink and tell him how unmatchable his books are. And if you have not yet sampled his books, I envy you, because you have an incomparable experience about to happen.

Paul J. McAuley: A Bibliography

Novels:
Four Hundred Billion Stars (hb, Gollancz, 1988; pb, Orbit, 1990)
Secret Harmonies (hb, Gollancz, 1989; pb, Orbit, 1991; aka Of the Fall, USA)
Eternal Light (hb, Gollancz, 1991; pb, Orbit, 1993)
Red Dust (hb, Gollancz, 1993; pb, Gollancz, 1994)
Pasquale's Angel (hb, Gollancz, 1994; pb, Gollancz, 1995)
Fairyland (hb, Gollancz, 1995; pb, Vista, 1996)
"The Books of Confluence"
Child of the River (hb, Gollancz, 1997; pb, Vista, 1998)
Ancients of Days (hb, Gollancz, 1998)
Shrine of Stars (scheduled to be published by Gollancz in September 1999)

Collections:
The King of the Hill (hb, Gollancz, 1991; pb, Orbit, 1992)
In Dreams (editor, with Kim Newman; Gollancz, 1992)
The Invisible Country (hb, Gollancz, 1996; pb, Vista, 1997)

Short stories:
"Wagon Passing" (IASFM, June 1984)
"Little Ilya and Spider and Box" (IZ #12, Summer 1985)
"The King of the Hill" (IZ #14, Winter 1985)
"The Airs of Earth" (Amazing, January 1986)

"Among the Stones" (Amazing, January 1987)
"The Temporary King" (F&SF, January 1987)
"A Dragon for Seyour Chan" (IZ #19, Spring 1987)
"The Heirs of Earth" (Amazing, May 1987)
"Karl and the Ogre" (IZ #23, Spring 1988)
"Inheritance" (F&SF, November 1988)
"Transcendence" (Amazing, November 1988)
"Jacob's Rock" (Amazing, March 1989)
"Exiles" (IZ #41, November 1990)
"The Invisible Country" (When the Music's Over, ed. Lewis Shiner, 1991)
"Evan's Progress" (New Internationalist, March 1991; as "Gene Wars", IZ#48, June 1991)
"Crossroads" (IZ#46, April 1991)
"Prison Dreams" (F&SF, April 1992)
"Dr. Luther's Assistant" (IZ#68, February 1993)
"Children of the Revolution" (New Worlds 3, ed. David S. Garnett, 1993)
"The Temptation of Dr Stein" (The Mammoth Book of Frankenstein, ed. Stephen Jones, 1994)
"Recording Angel" (New Legends, ed Greg Bear & Martin H. Greenberg, 1995)
"The True History of Doctor Praetorius" (IZ#98, August 1995)
"Slaves" (Omni Online, November 1995)
"Negative Equity" (Dark Terrors 2, ed. Stephen Jones & David Sutton, 1996)
"The Quarry" (Dark of the Night, ed. Stephen Jones, 1997)
"All Tomorrow's Parties" (IZ#119, May 1997)
"Residuals" (with Kim Newman, Asimov's, June 1997)
"The Worst Place in the World" (The Mammoth Book of Dracula, ed. Stephen Jones, 1997)
"Alien TV" (Alien TV chap for Novacon 28, 1998)
"Before the Flood" (Alien TV chap for Novacon 28, 1998)

[Thanks to: Andrew M. Butler (and VECTOR #200); Jo Fletcher; Kim Newman and, of course, Paul J. McAuley for the above information.]

The Future of the Science Fiction Foundation by Farah Mendlesohn (Chair, SFF)

The Science Fiction Foundation was founded in 1970, as an association of serious fans, authors, critics and publishers, to promote SF and the study of SF in various ways. It was originally based at North-East London Polytechnic (now the University of East London, UEL), and even had its own fully paid Administrator, at

Senior Lecturer level: Peter Nicholls. It founded its journal, Foundation, in 1972; it started building up its collection. Although it soon lost all paid employees (apart from the secretary Joyce Day), it did build up a reputation at least for the journal and the collection. UEL threw the Science Fiction Foundation out five years ago, because it needed the space, and the old Council, half of whom were UEL staff, vanished. The Friends of Foundation, a fan group set up to help in its trials, took over the running of the SFF to ensure its continuity.

Over the next three years, the Friends of Foundation oversaw the removal of the collection to its new home at the University of Liverpool, and as part of the new arrangement the university appointed a librarian, Andy Sawyer -- himself a specialist in children's science fiction -- as Administrator of the collection, and began the first MA programme in Science Fiction in this country. On our part, FoF became a registered charity in order to facilitate the agreement with Liverpool. In the meantime, the journal, which had been published throughout this period of transition, also made a move when its editor Edward James took up a Chair at Reading (where with Patrick Parrinder he has established an inter-disciplinary MA in Science Fiction).

The principal activities of these three years were directed towards saving the Foundation. While the Journal continued to be published, and we saw the establishment of the first two academic programmes in science fiction, Friends of Foundation, worn down by the move to Liverpool, entered a period of inactivity. In part because of the increased support offered by the University of Liverpool, it become unclear what the Friends' purpose actually was. What exactly were we Friends of? Was it enough simply to accept donations of books for the library and maintain the journal? Were we talking to anybody but ourselves any more? Last year we decided both to reorganise and to reorient our activities, and with the blessing of the AGM at Eastercon this year made certain changes.

The main changes were:

1. To change our name from the Friends of Foundation to the Science Fiction Foundation.
2. For the AGM to elect not committee members but officers who would have specific functions and would be charged with carrying forward activities on various fronts (Events, Publications, Fund-raising, Recruitment, Education etc.), and who would act autonomously but with direct responsibility to the membership. (Inactivity on the part of an officer would result in replacement.)
3. To regard subscription to journal as membership of the SFF. From 1999 the Friends' Newsletter would be incorporated into the journal; the journal would be used to inform members of activities of the Science Fiction Foundation, and would encourage them to become involved in furthering those activities.

The new constitution has been up and running since Easter and, as planned, is ready for launching. And it has already had a few successes. In December 1998 the editor and assistant editor of Foundation organised the first conference to be held on Babylon 5 at the College of Ripon and York St. John. The conference was a great success, with more participants than we had expected and a very high standard of discussion from both academics and fans. After the conference we were surprised to receive a large number of requests for the papers. Rather than send out photocopies, we decided to publish. The book, The Parliament of Dreams was launched at the Babylon 5 Wrap Party at the Radisson Edwardian (Heathrow) in August where we sold a quarter of the print-run in four days (thanks partly to a plug from JMS). It is available either here at the con, at a reduced rate of £7, or by mail for £9.

Where do we go from here? We have just taken part with the H. G. Wells Society in a centenary conference on The War of the Worlds. We are already planning a much bigger conference for 2000 on television fantasy and science fiction (together with the Association for Research in Popular Fiction), and we hope to run a smaller conference on neglected British authors with the University of Liverpool who have recently bought the Wyndham collection. We would like to make more contacts with teachers and between teachers and science fiction writers; we would like to publish more -- The Parliament of Dreams is book one in the "Foundation Studies in Science Fiction" series, so we need to find a "book two". We would also like more ideas as to what we should and could be doing to promote science fiction, but for this we need new people and new enthusiasm. So, if you think you would like to get involved, please drop by the Foundation table and join, or come to the programme item to discuss this and offer ideas.

[The SF Foundation Relaunch is on Sunday at 15.00 in the Gloucester.]

TAFF: the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund by Martin Tudor

The Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund was created in 1953 for the purpose of providing funds to bring well-known and popular fans familiar to those on both sides of the ocean across the Atlantic. Since that time TAFF has regularly brought North American fans to European conventions and European fans to North American conventions. TAFF exists solely through the support of fandom. The candidates are voted on by interested fans all over the world, and each vote is accompanied by a donation of not less than $2 or £1. These votes, and the continued generosity of fandom, are what make TAFF possible.

This year Velma "Vijay" Bowen and Sarah Prince battle for the right to represent North America at Reconvene, the 50th Annual British National Science

Fiction Convention, in Liverpool, 2nd-5th April 1999. You can read their extended platforms below.

You should find ballots for the race in your programme pack -- don't forget to vote! I'm sure Maureen Kincaid Speller, the current European Administrator, will be happy to take your ballots (and money) at Novacon.

[Further information regarding TAFF and supplies of ballot forms are available from the European Administrator -- Maureen Kincaid Speller, 60 Bournemouth Road, Folkestone, Kent, CT19 5AZ, England, e-mail maureen@acnestis.demon.co.uk.

[Copies of Have Bag, Will Travel, Martin Tudor's 1996 TAFF Trip Report are available from his table in the dealers room, £5 per copy, proceeds to TAFF.]

TAFF "Hustings": North America to Europe by the Candidates

Dancing With Words by Velma "Vijay" Bowen

1,200-1,500 words to tell you who I am, why I'm running for TAFF, and why you might want to meet me, elaborating, perhaps, on my TAFF platform... like thirty-two bars of music to improvise in, based on a previous set of music. I've done it before, and I can do it now: pli, relev,, and out into the center of the floor....

How did I get here? A voracious reader of sf and fantasy from childhood (and writer of bad fantasy stories all of which are lost, I pray), I was a somewhat atypical proto-fan: a dance student, majoring in dance therapy, who communicated much more freely and readily in movement than words. I rather literally walked into fandom on my way to a dance class in early 1981. Something about finding people who'd read and enjoyed many of the same books and stories I'd read drew me back to the group week after week; I started exploring verbal communication through apas... and eventually moved away from dance.

(Although I must point out that the three professional dance companies I worked with in the 1980s were full of readers, and one was led by a fan, who used fantasy stories for subjects as a result, I portrayed such things as a legless animal and a dead lamb.)

So: the making of a fan and, much to my continued delight and amazement, love. Perhaps the best thing I've found in fandom, was, in July of 1981, a fierce and furry-faced fan, with whom I have shared my life. About ten years ago, we made the ultimate commitment: we combined book collections

and gave away the duplicates (well, most of them it's hard to give up an extra out-of-print Sturgeon collection).

What else have I found here? Friends more than I'd thought possible to know in my lifetime. Conversations on paper, in person, and lately in glowing pixels on a screen; feuds, and fights, and reconciliations. And conventions: travelling to meet people who existed as text on paper, and revelling in the contrasts between how writers define and carry themselves in text, and how they do so in space and time. For several years, we even hosted monthly fannish parties, the sort with conversations till all hours, then making brunch for the limp bodies left on the living room floor, and continuing to talk till the next evening.

Most of my fanac was in apas twenty-three or so over the past seventeen years, serving as official editor of four or five. At my peak, I was in eleven, and running two; now, I'm in three, running one, and emergency editor/mail drop of another. It's not that I've stopped writing as much, but I have more outlets for it including the Internet. I lurk on rec.arts.sf.fandom, occasionally venturing out to post, and I occasionally read other groups, but I'm trying hard not to become a Nethead.

I apahacked, read fanzines, and worked on most of the conventions I attended as well. Eventually, a pattern became clear: what I value is communication and ways of making it possible, and everything I do in fandom goes back to those, from making coffee in the con-suite in the mornings, moderating panels, running fanzine lounges, to sitting and asking questions at three in the morning, when everyone's relaxed, and the true stories can be revealed....

As I wrote in my platform, I've been semi-fafiated for a couple of years, because of changes in other aspects of my life. There are stories yet to be revealed, including my current explorations as a singer, performing in bars, and a traditional move for sf people erotica and porn writing. (Crucial distinction, as far as I can tell: erotica gets copy-edited; porn pays better and faster.)

So... that's how I got here, moving from dance to words. Why might you want to meet me? Well, it depends. If you're looking for a cynical, grim, black-clad New York fan, you're out of luck. Well, not completely... I'm always in black, sometimes supplemented with other colors, but I've been informed that I'm inherently too cheerful to be a proper New Yorker, too enthusiastic... kind of a perky goth sort, as it were. I like the world, I like learning new things, and, while I'm shy, my curiosity outweighs my shyness. I know something about fandom in the U.K., mostly from fanzines, and one trip over in 1995, and from those of you who've visited or passed through New York, but I'd like to know more, and one way is to spend more time than just a few days in London.

...three jazz pirouettes, an arabesque into a forward tuck-and-roll, and I'll fill the phrase with a port de bras, ending in a modified third position. Now it's your turn, and I'm looking forward to what you come up with....

A good intention worth less than 1000 words by Sarah Prince
So you have an exciting race this year between two quiet women from New York State (albeit 300 miles apart). Well, I can safely promise that if elected I will not alter the tradition of procrastination in reporting. I will however use the honor (or honour) and responsibility as excuses for acquiring still more superfluous technology: I am quite pleased with my new digital camera (the fourth photographic recording device in my active tool collection) but it fairly cries out for a notebook computer to keep it company (I have at least four computers, one of them relatively modern and two in daily use, but neither of those are portable).

[In a later message Sarah added:
"All that time you allowed, and I didn't come up with a finely-crafted essay: statement... development... wrap-up... just another demonstration of my procrastination skills (and here is the demonstration of my parenthetics). Nor did I remember to mention my desire to see moors and fells (from an aesthetic viewpoint, not with any pretence at being an athletic walker). However (maybe for better rather than for worse) I did leave out the part about what a party-pooper I can be, falling asleep in a corner (providing an opportunity to be drawn upon) rather than admitting I'm bored or suffering fools less than gladly....".*]*

TAFF MUST DIE!

[The following essay from Julian Headlong served as the inspiration for the TAFF item on Saturday night (20.00 in the Gloucester). It first appeared in SQUIB #4 (4th August 1998) a fanzine produced by one of last year's TAFF losers, Victor Gonzalez. It is followed by an article produced for this Programme Book by the current US TAFF Administrator Ulrika O'Brien. Read, enjoy and come along to the item and join the debate!]

A Counterblast to TAFF by Julian Headlong

He looked around with awe-struck gaze.

"I have never seen their like," he exclaimed. "The finely wrought features, the towering heights, the feeling of massive imminence and the startlingly advanced technology."

"Are you referring to the imposing buildings, or to the American Fan?" I asked.

"No -- the breakfast buffet," he replied.

"Oh," I said.

Actually you might as well have been in Croydon.

Same building techniques (lots and lots of faux-deco), same breakfasts (except for the jam on the bacon), and the same fen.

Last night I met Leroy Kettle, Martin Tudor, Martin Easterbrook (he'd shaved his beard off), and Avedon Carol -- well, they looked like them, talked like them, and for all I know floated like them. But these were their Seattle equivalents -- cloned from the same sources as all true fans -- chips off the old skiffy block. They also drank Beamish or Murphy's or Guinness -- I stuck to good old American Becks.

And when the filkers started "singing" in the corner we all rose as one fan and left (it was "open-mike" night at the local Irish bar, and boy, was it bad).

And so the question arises: why should we pay to send one of our friends, no matter how good a friend (s)he is, on holiday abroad, just to meet lots of our other friends (s)he hasn't seen for a few months? And then tell us all about it (or not)? Especially when our foreign friends visit regularly and we regularly visit them. It doesn't make a lot of sense.

It all goes back to an earlier time, when travel between the far flung outposts of known space was a lot more difficult than it is today. Then, generation ships would set out bearing carefully selected fen (the Taffen) across the great void in the sure and certain knowledge that their descendants would be able to attend a convention on the other side of the Universe, interact with the local life forms, and then return (or have their descendants return) bearing new and exciting fannish ways, new and interesting fannish writings, and new and improbable stories of far away fannish doings.

And thus was the empire forged.

But, as time went by, technology continually improved. Travel to the far reaches became easier, speedier, cheaper. Eventually, hordes of fannish visitors would inundate the conventions on both sides of the vast divide. So the question has to be asked: why now send out the expensively trained and maintained Taffen? To boldly go where everyone is going anyway? What purpose do they serve when hundreds of fen make their own way across the gulf

to enjoy alien life form interactions on a one to one basis, rather than vicariously through an all-too-often non-existent trip report (Martin Tudor obviously excepted)? It seems to me that TAFF's time has passed. It is no longer relevant to the real world and should be wound up.

The really useful funds are those linking together the still distant parts of our fannish universe -- GUFF, DUFF and the non-existent SAFF. It is still difficult and expensive to get from the Northern Hemisphere to the Southern -- so funds attempting to promote links with Australia, New Zealand, and nowadays, South Africa (the non-existent "South Africa Fan Fund") are all worthy of support, as are attempts to improve links with Far Eastern fandoms -- Japan, China, Norwich. But TAFF itself has served its purpose, and like the State of New Jersey, should be allowed to wither away.

[SQUIB is available in trade for fanzines or letters of comment from Victor Gonzalez, 905 N.E. 45th St., #106, Seattle, WA 98105, USA, e-mail squib@galaxy-7.net, or check out http://www.galaxy-7.net/squib.]

A Rebuttal by Ulrika O'Brien

When fans disagree, as fans often do, about for instance whether past accomplishment is more important than future contribution to Transatlantic fanac in a Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund winner, and fail to ever settle the matter to anyone's satisfaction, they indirectly point out the most basic nature of the fund: TAFF is deeply complex. It is large, contains multitudes. TAFF is a synergy. Anyone who imagines, as Julian Headlong seems to, that the fund can be replaced by single activities that resemble only some of its constituent parts has missed other parts, and more crucially the fact that the whole is greater than the sum of all of them. TAFF is not just meeting people from the other side of the pond, it is not just a means to travel. It accomplishes these things, and then completely transcends them.

Winning TAFF certainly isn't just getting a subsidised vacation, therefore the fact of more people being able to travel on their own funds doesn't replace it. Going down to the travel agent's and looking at exotic posters and glossy brochures is a pleasant little thrill unto itself, and so is the frisson from plunking down your Visa card to pay for a trip. Still, no matter how many honey-comb tissue paper pineapples dangle from the ceiling, no matter how rich the Technicolor glossies of Bahama blue and Aegean bone, however Arcadian the destination, or deft the travel agent, nowhere in that process are you going to find yourself stopped dead in your tracks by profound honor, by a sudden sense of responsibility, and debt, and the need to pay forward to fandom. Even a first class seat will not fly you straight to dancing days in Faerie, the way flying by TAFF does. Winning TAFF changes you, makes you briefly magical. Maureen

Speller calls it her TAFFcoat, which she can don and do things that she would never dare to do as her ordinary self. Winning TAFF is a gift far more valuable than the mere wonderfulness of getting to travel to another country -- it is a gift of the very concrete esteem and interest of your fellow fans. Until we're sure we've run out of fans on both sides of the Atlantic that we want to honor with our interest in them and in the chance to meet them, I don't see how we could consider giving up the mechanism for bestowing that honor.

And more than ordinary individual travel to meet people at cons, exchanging TAFF delegates builds networks in fandom. Every time we send a TAFF winner to the other side, friendships bud, memories bloom, and allegiances and good will grow rampant all over the back garden wall. Sure, that stuff can happen when fans travel as individuals too. But in an ever-growing fandom the ability to build networks within it is so self-evidently a benefit to the health of the whole, that even if TAFF were merely as good as individual travel at building networks, it would be a good. The more mechanisms we have for growing fannish networks, the better. Fandom is stronger and communicates better the more closely it is webbed together by links between people. But I think TAFF is actually better for encouraging networks than individual travel is. Individual travel is a private act. A TAFF trip is a public act. The age and history of the fund, the deep resonance of acting under the aegis of a Fannish Institution, forces us to extend ourselves, both as delegates, and as hosts. Under the ambassadorial mantle, the delegate feels herself representing her country, the hosts a similar charge to do their own side proud. While it's true that we all are de facto diplomats for our country whenever we travel abroad, because others will take what we do as representative, when you're dancing the TAFF dance, you not only are an ambassador, you know it. In your bones, you know it. Which, when it works right, not only puts all concerned on their best behavior, but predisposes everybody to enjoy themselves and each other, and to be pleased with what they find in each other as well. Moreover, a sense of responsibility to the office opens us out of ourselves farther than we would go for just our own purely selfish pleasure. Shy delegates try that much harder to step out of the safe zone and meet new people, make themselves available to whoever might be even merely curious, take on new experiences. Shy hosts feel a responsibility to get the delegate in contact with as many interesting fans as possible, as many typical experiences as possible, in short, to put on the dog. It's not that a private trip doesn't have the potential to do these sorts of things, but a TAFF trip has far more forces acting in concert to realize its potential. Realizing the potential to make more fannish friendships is an unalloyedly fine thing. I don't understand why we would want fewer chances of that.

Nor is TAFF merely a way of soaking up fannish charitability. Julian suggests that there are concentrations of fans -- South Africa for instance -- that are in more urgent need of fan funds than are Europe and North America. He implies that this need would somehow be met if we were to dismantle TAFF. He may be quite right in the first -- though the fact of greater need elsewhere is no sort of proof of an utter absence of need for TAFF. But how can we ensure that the energy and money that now go into TAFF would reliably shift into a South African fund if there were no TAFF, rather than simply soaking back down to the fannish wellsprings they emerged from ? It's too much to suppose that established loyalties, existing friendships and interests, and the energy of continuation can somehow be automatically handwaved into new loyalties, new interests, and the energy of creation. The real risk, I think, would be to find ourselves with no TAFF, and no South African funds either, and fandom would be the poorer for it. If we want to build South African connections, by all means let us do so. But fan fund administrators tend to share the wealth -- in knowledge, in experience, in shared auctions, in contacts. Why handicap a new fund by dismantling one of the very resources that can be used to help make it successful?

The public nature of TAFF is crucial to its importance, I think. A lion's share of the synergic increase that TAFF has as a whole over its parts lies in that very public quality. The fund is a public institution of fandom, and a particularly venerable one. By our public acts and institutions are we known, to ourselves and to the world. By maintaining and supporting TAFF, we extend to each other our interest, our goodwill, our friendship. But much more, if we dismantle TAFF, how can we be expressing other than our mutual indifference, disinterest, ennui? What would each side be saying by that act but that, "You have nothing to show us that we have not already seen. Let each fan find his own friends, but as for us, we have enough already." What an amazing pity that would be.

I initially felt baffled that anybody could seriously advocate the idea that the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund has outlived its value. I'm not sure that TAFF is capable of doing that. The fund is, after all, ultimately dependent on the voluntary contributions of its fan supporters to keep going. The fact that fans continue coughing up their hard-earned buckazoids and quidazoids in order to vote, and for the fund generally, suggests that they value it, and in a very concrete way. The fact that fans open up their homes, extend their hospitality, and go out of their way to host events for TAFF winners suggests they value the fund in a very personal way. It sounds circular but isn't really: so long as we have TAFF we know that we want and need TAFF. When we no longer want or need TAFF, TAFF will cease to be.

GUFF by Joseph Nicholas

1977. Chris Priest is in Melbourne, doing some sort of writer's gig at the Australian government's expense. One fine evening in the suburb of St Kilda, drinking wine with John Foyster and other movers and shakers of late seventies Australian fandom, the talk turns to thoughts of establishing a more permanent connection between Britain and Australia. TAFF, the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund, connects Britain with the USA; DUFF, the Down Under Fan Fund, links the USA with Australia; but where is the fan fund that will close the third side of this triangle? Old colonial connections and occasional writers' bursaries are insufficient, the assembled company determines: what is needed is a new foundation at the other end of fandom, to foster regular exchanges between Our Two Great Nations and so evolve the race that will rule the sevagram!

As The Guardian's Parliamentary sketch writer Simon Hoggart is wont to remark: I may have made that last bit up. But the rest is true: GUFF was created full-blown from the head of Christ Priest in 1977 to help close the gap in the fan fund "triangle" -- initially as a one-off to bring an Australian fan to the 1979 British Worldcon in Brighton, but in subsequent years as a means of fostering more extensive contacts between British and Australian fandoms. Depending on the direction of travel, it is known variously as the Get Up-and-Over Fan Fund, or the Going Under Fan Fund. John Foyster was the first Australian winner; I was the first British winner, in 1981 (and not only met many Australian fans but, er, even brought one home with me).

In the nature of things -- distance, expense, problems of synchronising convention cycles -- GUFF operates on a more sporadic basis than TAFF. The most recent northbound winners were Ian Gunn and Karen Pender-Gunn, who travelled north for The Scottish Worldcon in 1995; before that, Eva Hauser travelled south in 1993. Because she is Czech, and because even in countries on the verge of joining the EU there can still be problems with currency exchanges, I was appointed a special agent to handle arrangements for sending someone south to the 1999 Worldcon in Melbourne. We set a deadline for nominations of 30 September 1998 -- and not a soul has put themselves forward.

We are, as Queen Victoria probably did not say, downright astonished. Can it really be that no one fancies a not quite all-expenses paid trip to the Great Southern Land? To walk in King's Park above Perth, stroll the Mediterranean-in-feel streets of Fremantle, visit the Kingdom of the Karri (the tallest trees in the world) near Albany, marvel at the flatness of the Nullabor, sample the wines of the Barossa Valley near Adelaide, climb on the grass-

covered roof of the new Parliament building in Canberra, ride the ferries back and forth across Sydney Harbour, take a trip into the Blue Mountains of New South Wales, teach my two-year-old niece Holly to say "robust" (a good civil service word, that), and above all drink the sun down with a really good bunch of mates in a hotel by the Yarra in Melbourne next August?

We know you do. Which is why we have extended the deadline for another two months, to 30 November 1998. You who are reading this, put the arm on your friends and tell them you want them to go. Or put the arm on your friends and tell them you want to go. You need to provide the names of five nominators (three British and two Australian), post a bond of £10 as evidence of intent, swear an almighty oath that if elected, and barring unforeseen disasters, you will travel to the 1999 Worldcon in Melbourne, and supply a 100-word platform extolling your many virtues and interests -- and send the lot to me, Joseph Nicholas, at 15 Jansons Road, South Tottenham, London N15 4JU (e-mail to josephn@globalnet.co.uk).

[As this Programme Book went to press the latest Ansible reported that Julian Headlong and Paul Kincaid have announced their intention to run against each other for GUFF.]

The RNIB Talking Books for the Blind Project by Martin Tudor

Over the years Fandom has generated money for a number of different worthy causes both internal (fan funds, fans in need etc.) and external (Cancer research, local hospitals, etc.), but perhaps the most popular nominated charity has been the Royal National Institute for the Blind's "Talking Book" Library.

Novacon has supported this project since Novacon 18 in 1988, when Tony Berry (the chairman of the con) first suggested it, and has raised funds for a number of books over the years.

Raffle tickets will be on sale throughout the convention and there are a number of wonderful prizes to be won. All proceeds from the raffle will be passed to Roger Robinson, of Beccon Publications, and go to the RNIB's Talking Books for the Blind project.

[For further information, or to make donations directly (cheques payable to "Beccon Publications"), contact Roger Robinson at 75 Roslyn Avenue, Harold Wood, Essex, RM3 0RG.]

The Committee

Steve Lawson (Registrations) byThe Sheffield Science Fiction Group
"Steve must be very trusting", said Young Steve (not to be confused with Steve the Elder), "to allow us to write this."

Alice said, "Let's make an alphabetical list of Steve's attributes."

Athletic???
Boisterous
Comics
Dreamer
Excitable
Friendly
Gadgeteer
Husband
Idiosyncratic
Juvenile
Keen
Laid Back
Mellow
Normal?
OTT
Pyromaniac
Questionable
Role-player
Shedman
Technician (not an Engineer)
Unforgettable but not unforgetting
Visible
Wonderer
Xenaphile
Young at Heart
Zealous

The Sheffield Science Fiction Group after due consideration and more than ten pints of beer at Seamus O'Donnell's pub on Wednesday, 21st October are agreed that the preceding words and/or phrases are an accurate representation of the being claiming or purporting to be Steve Lawson, however we could be wrong.

Pat McMurray (Programme) by Brian Ameringen
Pat and I were talking about Fandom the other day, and pondering his apparently low status therein. Suddenly a new theory of Fandom leapt into my brain "Pat" I cried "Your status in Fandom is inversely proportional to the square of the number of Conventions Committee Posts you're on!"

"That's Great" he cried back "'cause it means my status is rising -- I've just finished with one Committee, and Novacon'll be out of the way soon too!"

Well, this is typical Pat, not just looking on the bright side, but doing so with an enthusiasm and bounce that would make any Soft Toy Apa accept him immediately as a re-incarnation of Tigger.

He's thrown himself into fandom, like a bear into the hunny pot, and some of the ripples are still circulating. His energy is astonishing, as is his willingness to take on tasks that others balk at -- no visible self-defence mechanisms at all.

You don't really want to know how long he's been in Fandom (not very) or

how many Conventions he's been to (lots) been on the Committee of (nearly as many) or how many books he reads each year (lots). But you DO need to know that he drinks Bheer (ask him if he'd like some) and give him a chance to talk about one of his favourite authors (e.g. Harry Turtledove) and you could be in for some serious aural origami....

So if you see someone bustling around the Convention, with a headset on, carrying a wally-phone, a thick paperback in one pocket, a Psion in another and looking like a cross between Pooh and Tigger -- say 'Hi Pat'. You'll be quite safe, 'cause he'll probably be talking into the headset or phone, or running to or from a new emergency...

Carol Morton, Hotel Liaison by Yvonne Rowse

So what can I say about Carol Morton that hasn't been said more wittily by Martin Tudor or comic writer and self-confessed sex god Mike Siddall? Nothing really so I'll just whitter a bit.

I've known Carol for only a year and a half now. I like her a lot. She was the first person to talk to me when I went to a Brum group meeting and she's since gone out of her way to include me in, introduce me to authors, take me for meals and all sorts of other good things. She's married to Tony but only beats him when he deserves it. She's the proud mother of Iain who is already proving adept at finding his way round the internet. She's a source of interesting gossip. She's fiercely loyal, vulnerable, capable, caring. Her book reviews are mythical (at least I've never seen one), she kisses authors (she says they're only human too -- are they?) and friends, and she offers any amount of good advice. If she says to you, "Don't try to drink as much as Martin Tudor", listen to her! And if she says I told you so, after you've ignored her advice, she's only human too.

Tony Morton, Treasurer by Tony Berry

Despite being found abandoned in a coal-scuttle and raised by itinerant steeplejacks, Tony Morton has, by deft use of bribery and assassination, worked his way up to a position of responsibility within Birmingham City Council. Sadly he is *not* one of the bastards responsible for closing off key roads in the city centre to cars and making Broad Street even worse than it was, but that won't stop me blaming him anyway.

Recently his insatiable lust for power has resulted in him being elected as a councillor for Dudley, following the mysterious death of his predecessor. Already the council leader has started wearing a kevlar vest as the terrible truth dawns on him.

All this Machiavellian scheming has proved an ideal training ground for the scandal and corruption of the BSFG committee, of which Tony is currently Chairman. He has also managed to worm his way onto the Novacon committee, amazingly, as treasurer. In charge of money. Expect him to disappear before the end of the con.

Tony's future plans include becoming an MP, then Prime Minister, before abolishing Parliament and the Monarchy and setting himself up as Lord Protector. His hobbies are toxicology and collecting daggers.

[...or...]

Tony Morton, Treasurer by Graham Powell (Drummer, Bad Influence)

Tony Morton, a man known to millions for his keen interest in science fiction and his tireless efforts for the Brum Group. But what lies behind that hairy facade, the myths, the legends, the academic, the caring family man, the gastronome, the metronome, the sex, the drugs, the rock and roll?

Tony was born in 1953 and spent his formative years in Halesowen attending the local Grammar School. He progressed to higher institutions where he soon developed a keen interest in real ale, trains, flared trousers and a passion for woks that bordered on the unhealthy. Several years, and several protest marches, later he was awarded a degree in Town Planning and a memorial bench outside the west wing for his services to hairdressing.

The advent of the eighties brought the era of the new romantics and for our old romantic, a wedding to Carol,his wife of eighteen years. It also brought a hefty fine and suspended sentence for being in possession of an extremely loud shirt and an even louder guitar. Yes, the curse of Bert Weedon had struck again and Tony was addicted.

An unsuccessful dabble in the music industry followed and a recording studio venture failed to chart, but a more successful dabble a little closer to home brought son and golden hair with the arrival of Iain James.

More recently Tony has sought councilling and has duly been elected to a four-year course of hard labour at a local council clinic. His desire to help his fellow man is acute, however, and treatment may take longer than initially anticipated.

Press speculation is intense as to the future for this rock icon, but one thing is certain -- be sure not to miss a rare live performance (except for the bass player) on Saturday evening as we all prepare to go under the Influence.

A Chinese Puzzle by Drew Wood

If I were a toy I would be an Edwardian teddy bear.
If I were a meal I would be a Sunday dinner.
If I were a car I would be a Volkswagen Beetle.
If I were an old board game I would be Treasure of the Pharaohs.

If I were a fictional character I would be Doctor Watson.
If I were laughter I would be the laughter in a dubbed Japanese film.
If I were a colour I would be burgundy.
If I were an animal I would be a lion.
If I were a television series I would be Fireball XL5.
If I were a plant I would be a flowering cactus.
I am Chris Murphy (Operations).

Martin Tudor (Chairman and Publications) by Mike D Siddall
(or Weebles wobble but we don't fall down)

There are some honours that come upon one unasked, others for which one must strive. To be the lucky soul entrusted with a panegyric to our beloved Con Chairman I wept, I pleaded, I fought and I even offered to have sex with Steve Green that I might be the chosen one. This was the chance of a fannish lifetime, but I shall, as always, be brutally honest about the man behind the myth that is Martin Tudor.

His fannish CV can be unknown to few of you, the cons chaired, the SF groups dependent on his zeal, the fanzines published, the prozines founded, the young fans brought into the fold, the TAFF race won... the list is endless, there can be few fannish activities of recent decades that have not felt the Hand of Tudor deep in their internal workings; it's often been said that if Fandom is a living being, then Martin Tudor is its' proctologist.

But what of the man? A list of Martin's qualities as a human being is almost as lengthy as his fannish achievements. With what lifting of our hearts we arrive at the Con Bar, knowing that Martin's cheery, wise face will be there to greet us, usually within seconds of us catching the barman's eye. Mean-spirited souls might call him a slave-driver who ruthlessly exploits the trusting innocence of those who volunteer their help in his many projects (or even those who don't), this is a vile calumny, Martin is simply providing a chance for the humble foot-soldiers of Fandom to embark on a career as illustrious as his own. The truth about Martin is that he is a man with the wit of a mischievous otter, the inhuman energy of a humming-bird, the natural leadership charisma of the alpha-wolf, the cheeky charm of a friendly chipmunk and, judging by the speed with which his daughter Héloïse arrived on the scene, the sperm-count of a Charolais stud-bull.

With such a magnificent collection of character attributes to his name, one might expect him to be one of those lucky souls who sail serenely through life like some mighty ocean liner. Sadly, this is not entirely true, Martin himself would be the first to remind you of the fate of the Titanic (which brings to mind the disturbing image of Leonardo di wossisname carrying on a love affair somewhere around Martin's right nostril, and illustrates the perils of carrying an

analogy too far), if Life is a highway then I think it would be fair to say that Martin's is well populated with tank-traps. I think it unfair to list all Martin's travails here, not least since he will be happy to do it for you himself for only the price of a beer or three, what a guy. Suffice it to say that whatever the project Martin chooses to undertake, Fate will ensure some bizarre twist will arrive just in time to cause Martin the maximum problem. Just as an example, take his marriage, who could have imagined that the beautiful, sweet Helena would turn out to be the sort of mean, cold-hearted harridan who can't even be bothered to fix up a friend for one her husband's bestest pals?

But the point about Martin, and where we return to our title, is that none of this matters. Like one of those wonderful toys the Weebles, it doesn't matter how hard you topple, push, hit, trip or otherwise attempt to knock over Martin, you can't knock him down. He always gets up again, which is why he gives such a deep feeling of security to the con. Will Novacon go wrong? Of course. Will there be major, unanticipated disaster? Most certainly. But you really need have no worry, should such an eventuality befall you, simply follow the classic 3-Step Novacon Emergency Procedure:

1) Find Martin Tudor,
2) Tell him about it,
3) Stop worrying, it's his problem now.

You may be finding all this a touch difficult to believe, but Novacon 28 is graciously pleased to arrange a graphic demonstration of this on the Sunday evening. A suitable space will be cleared in order to demonstrate once and for all that, no matter how hard you hit him, there's no keeping a good Tudor down. You will have to bring your own implements but, in deference to any children who might be present, please use nothing larger than a standard baseball bat... and banging nails in is not considered sporting. See you there and Happy Weebling.

General Certificate of Science-fiction Education
by Vernon Brown

[With thanks to everyone who helped with suggestions about the Quiz.]

On the next few pages you will find a GCSE Question Paper. You should also find a loose A4 sized Answer Paper. If you don't have one, please check with Registration.

Most questions in this Quiz require a short answer, but for various reasons this cannot be a written one. So each question has been given several "outline answers" which can be in full or abbreviated. The idea is that you match your

answer to one of the "outline" ones. It's a bit like being given specifications for making a key, together with five different locks. If the key is made correctly, it will fit one of the locks, if it is not, it won't. However, to make the instructions simpler, the terms "question" and "answer" are used, although, strictly speaking, these terms are incorrect.

Instructions

1. Each question on the Paper has several answers.
2. Mark the answer that you think is correct. Each correctly answered question is worth one mark. Many answers are given as acronyms, i.e. initials of words (e.g. VB = Vernon Brown). This is because giving answers in full often makes things much too easy.
3. Now choose which answers you will submit for marking. There are three sections -- Section B is easy, Section A is medium and Section C has harder questions. You have to submit two sections which must include Section A. If you submit Sections A and B you will obtain a GCSE Ordinary Certificate if you pass, if you submit Section A and C you will gain a GCSE Advanced Certificate if you pass. Pass mark is 40%. Depending on how well you do, you will obtain a Pass or Credit at "O" level, or Pass, Credit or Distinction at "A" level.
4. Having decided which two Sections to submit ignore the other.
5. The Answer Paper has numbered and lettered squares corresponding to the questions and answers in your Question Paper. The idea is that you carefully block out with blue or black ink, biro or felt tip the squares corresponding to the answers you think are correct. Do not circle or cross the squares or do anything else, or use pencil, as your paper will not be marked if you do. This is because marking will be done by placing a card over your Answer Paper with holes cut in it corresponding with the correct answer squares. Squares that show through are correctly answered. Signs, pencils, etc., are unsuitable for this type of marking. If you make a mistake put a large X through the incorrect square.
6. Now complete your Answer Paper. Block out the square corresponding to the Sections you have submitted, i.e. A and B or A and C, and print your name and address, which we will use as an address label to send you your certificate if you are unable to collect it on the Sunday of the convention.
7. Check that all is completed properly and post your Answer paper only in the box at Registration. Please only fold it once. Make sure that it is posted by 6pm on the Saturday of the convention.
8. As an incentive, all Answer Papers submitted will be entered in a free prize draw.
9. I will have certificates with me on the Sunday -- please contact me for them and find out whether you have a prize as well.

10. Finally, no one else will know how well you have done unless you tell them, so please have a go; you may do better than you think.

Section A

1. What colour is the moon on which The Clangers live?
a) Red b) Orange c) Yellow d) Green e) Blue

2. On which novel was the film The Omega Man based?
a) AB b) BF c) IAL d) TDOG e) TMC

3. What was L. Sprague de Camp's first SF novel?
a) DFIM b) LDF c) M d) TCT e) TWO

4. Who is the dog helping robot in Simak's City?
a) Brown b) Butler c) Clovis d) Jeeves e) Jenkins

5. Which is "Odd Man Out"?
a) Helliconia Spring b) Helliconia Summer c) Helliconia Autumn
d) Helliconia Winter

6. To what was Baxter's The Time Ships a sequel?
a) LFTT b) TITST c) TLBB d) TLOT e) TTM

7. How was population controlled in Logans Run?
a) Abstention b) Emigration c) Euthanasia d) Segregation
e) Sterilization

8. Who was Asimov's robot psychologist?
a) BB b) HL c) KJ d) SC e) SF

9. Who wrote Feersum Endjinn?
a) DRK b) HMV c) IMB d) KSR e) VNM

10. In which year did Dan Dare first appear?
a) 1948 b) 1950 c) 1952 d) 1954 e) 1956

11. What term did Gernsback use to describe SF before "Science Fiction" was coined?
a) Factifiction b) Science Stories c) Scientifantasy
d) Scientific Romance e) Scientifiction

12. Which ERB character did Leiber continue the story of?
a) Napier b) John Carter c) Tangor d) Tarzan e) Thuvia

13. In Turtledove's "World War" series, what stopped WWII?
a) Aliens b) Asteroid c) Earthquakes d) Plague e) Time Travellers

14. Who directed Wells' The Time Machine (1960)?
a) AH b) GP c) JLG d) PW e) SK

15. From which star system did Ford Prefect hail?
a) AC b) BS c) B d) EE e) TC

16. Who predicted the geosynchronous communications satellite in 1945?
a) ACC b) AEW c) IA d) JW e) RAH

17. Which underground station featured in Quatermass and the Pit?
a) Blackmonk b) Crossroad c) Hobb's End d) Hopewell e) Priory

Section B

18. What is the nearest star to Earth?
a) AC b) B c) EE d) TC e) TS

19. How many Laws of Robotics did Asimov originally construct?
a) 2 b) 3 c) 4 d) 5 e) 6

20. What is The Science Fiction Achievement Award also known as?
a) Ditmar b) Hugo c) Locus d) Nebula e) Nova

21. In Short Circuit what was "Number 5"?
a) Dog b) Gang Leader c) Law d) Robot e) Russian

22. Who spent most of "The Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy" in a dressing gown?
a) Zaphod Beeblebrox b) Arthur Dent c) Ford Prefect d) Trillian

23. What did Sliders slide between?
a) Alternate worlds b) Bodies c) Planets d) Species e) Times

24. In Invasion of the Body Snatchers in what do they grow?
a) Cows b) Eggs c) Pods d) Tanks e) Tunnels

25. What was the name of the dog favoured by Dr Who?
a) Fido b) K9 c) Lassie d) Shep e) TIM

26. Who directed Star Wars?
a) Hyams b) Lucas c) Nimoy d) Pal e) Spielberg

27. What was the computer's name in 2001: A Space Odyssey?
a) Colossus b) HAL 9000 c) MARVIN d) MIDAS e) RUR

28. Who created Jerry Cornelius?
a) JB b) HH c) MM d) BS e) JV

29. What are Triffids?
a) Lizards b) Plants c) Sea animals d) War machines
e) Venusians

30. What burns at Fahrenheit 451?
a) Candlewax b) Gas c) Leather d) Oil e) Paper

31. What kills the Martians in "The War of the Worlds" (HGW)?
a) Cold b) Heat c) Iron d) Oxygen e) Pollen

32. Who wrote Ringworld?
a) Asimov b) Brin c) Dick d) Niven e) Zelazny

33. Who was the heroine of Lang's Metropolis?
a) Anne b) Heidi c) Maria d) Susan e) Thea

Section C

18. On which planets is Aelita (1922, 1924) set?
a) Mercury/Venus b) Venus/Earth d) Earth/Mars d) Mars/Mercury

19. In which film was an alien head from Aliens a hunting trophy?
a) AN b) JP c) P2 d) S2 e) T2

20. Name the merchant prince of Anderson's Polesotechnic league stories.
a) JMB b) VCB c) PKD d) NVR e) HGW

21. Which SF author began by drawing the Jeff Hawke strip?
a) BA b) BS c) CP d) DH e) HH

22. Which H. G. Wells' novel was subtitled "A Grotesque Romance"?
a) TIM b) TSA c) TTM d) TWSF e) WOTW

23. "Yarbles! Bolshy great yarblockos to thee and thine". Name the novel.
a) ACO b) ACMC c) JIF d) TFW e) UV

24. Whose time travel novel predated H. G. Wells by six years?
a) SB b) MS c) KT d) MT e) KT

25. What was the social control drug in Brave New World?
a) Dopa b) Drill c) LSD d) Opium e) Soma

26. Who produced the film Things to Come (1936)?
a) Clair b) Korda c) Lang d) Melies e) Pal

27. What was Fritz Leiber's first SF novel?
a) CTZ b) GD c) SOS d) TBT e) TW

28. Which author is odd man out? Indicate why.
a) C. J. Cherryh b) Julian May c) James Tiptree Jr. d) Vernor Vinge

29. Name the fourth Foundation novel (1982).
a) F b) FAE c) FE d) PTF e) SF

30. Who wrote The Fabulous Clipjoint?
a) IA b) FB c) AC d) HJ e) CS

31. Name the hero of Mission of Gravity (Clement).
a) Aanl b) Barlennan c) Coerl d) Jonston e) Wiseman

32. Name the alternate title to The Martian Chronicles.
a) TF b) THT c) TIM d) TOC e) TSL

33. Which film invented the "countdown" as we know it?
a) WWC b) FG c) DM d) DFIM e) WOTW

The Nova Awards by Tony Berry

Created in 1973 by the late Gillon Field, the Nova Awards are presented annually by the Birmingham Science Fiction Group for work in fanzines. At first chosen by committee, the awards are now voted on by "informed fans". Until 1981 there was only one award for Best Fanzine, but since then the categories Best Fanwriter and Best Fanartist have been added.

For a fanzine to qualify, one or more issues must have been published between 1st October 1997 and 30th September 1998. For fanartists and fanwriters to qualify, a piece of their work must have been published for the first time between those dates. A "Fanzine" is defined as an amateur publication which is concerned with sf/fantasy, sf and fantasy fans and/or related subjects, copies of which can be obtained in exchange for other amateur publications or for letters of comment.

The Novas are awarded by informed vote. Informed votes come from informed voters, who are defined as Novacon members (or supporting members) who have received six or more fanzines during the relevant year. These must be different publications, not different issues of the same publication. The various official organs of a society or group do not count as different fanzines.

The Nova Awards: Previous Winners
1973: SPECULATION ed. Peter Weston
1974: ZIMRI ed. Lisa Conesa tied with BIG SCAB ed. John Brosnan
1975: MAYA ed. Rob Jackson
1976: MAYA ed. Rob Jackson
1977: TWLL-DDU ed. Dave Langford
1978: GROSS ENCOUNTERS ed. Alan Dorey
1979: SEAMONSTERS ed. Simone Walsh
1980: ONE-OFF ed. Dave Bridges.

YEAR	BEST FANZINE	BEST WRITER	BEST ARTIST
1981	TAPPEN ed. Malcolm Edwards	Chris Atkinson	Pete Lyon
1982	EPSILON ed. Rob Hansen	Chris Atkinson	Rob Hansen
1983	A COOL HEAD ed. Dave Bridges	Dave Bridges	Margaret Welbank
1984	XYSTER ed. Dave Wood	Anne Hammill	D. West
1985	PREVERT ed. John Jarrold	Abi Frost	Ros Calverly
1986	PINK BEDSOCKS ed. Owen Whiteoak	Owen Whiteoak	ATom
1987	LIP ed. Hazel Ashworth	D. West	D. West
1988	LIP ed. Hazel Ashworth	Michael Ashley	D. West
1989	VSOP ed. Jan Orys	Simon Polley	Dave Mooring
1990	FTT ed. Joseph Nicholas & Judith Hanna	Dave Langford	Dave Mooring
1991	SALIROMANIA ed. Michael Ashley	Michael Ashley	D. West

YEAR	BEST FANZINE	BEST WRITER	BEST ARTIST
1992	BOB? ed. Ian Sorensen	Michael Ashley	Dave Mooring
1993	LAGOON ed. Simon Ounsley	Simon Ounsley	Dave Mooring
1994	RASTUS JOHNSON'S CAKEWALK ed. Greg Pickersgill	Greg Pickersgill	D. West
1995	ATTITUDE ed. Michael Abbott, John Dallman & Pam Wells	Simon Ounsley	D. West
1996	WAXEN WINGS & BANANA SKINS ed. Claire Brialey & Mark Plummer	Alison Freebairn	D. West
1997	WAXEN WINGS & BANANA SKINS ed. Claire Brialey & Mark Plummer	Mark Plummer	Sue Mason

The Best Fan Nova by Carol Morton

Just prior to Novacon 25 the committee heard that Brian Burgess would not be attending the convention due to ill health. We felt that this was a shame as Brian had attended every other Novacon and to miss out through ill-health seemed unfair.

The committee all felt that something should be done to acknowledge Brian's fannish contribution to Novacon and we decided that a special Nova would be awarded to him. When it arrived it was engraved "Best Fan". That set us thinking. We acknowledge the writers of fanzine articles, the artists who illustrate them and the people who actually produce these fanzines. But where would they be without the fans who read and admire their work?

This special Nova pointed out a lack in the system. The committee of Novacon 25 decided that this must be addressed. It was decided that the "Best Fan" award would not be one that was voted on by Novacon members, it would just be an occasional award that the current Novacon committee could present if they felt that there was someone who deserved recognition for their contributions, in a fannish way, to Novacon.

When Bob Shaw died we felt that we had to acknowledge Bob's special

contribution. Even though he was a "filthy pro" he was also a fan and that is why we gave him the second "Best Fan" Nova. Ken Slater was last year's recipient, celebrating not only his years in fandom but also his 80th birthday.

Although this is an occasional and does not need to be awarded *every* year, we are always open to suggestions from fellow fans as to who you think should be given an award. Remember they can be a professional, that's no problem, but first and foremost they must be a *fan*.

The History of Novacon

CON & YEAR	HOTEL	GUEST(S) OF HONOUR	CHAIR
1	Imperial Centre	James White	Vernon Brown
1971	Committee: Ray Bradbury, Alan Denham, Alan Donnelly,		
(144)	Pauline Dungate.		
2	Imperial Centre	Doreen Rogers	Pauline Dungate
1972	Committee: Stan Eling, Jeffrey Hacker, Richard Newnham,		
(144)	Meg Palmer, Hazel Reynolds.		
3	Imperial Centre	Ken Bulmer	Hazel Reynolds
1973	Committee: Stan Eling, Gillon Field, Meg Palmer, Geoff		
(146)	Winterman.		
4	Imperial Centre	Ken Slater	Dr Jack Cohen
1974	Committee: Pauline Dungate, Stan Eling, Gillon Field,		
(211)	Robert Hoffman, Arline Peyton, Rog Peyton, Hazel Reynolds.		
5	Royal Angus	Dan Morgan	Rog Peyton
1975	Committee: Ray Bradbury, Pauline Dungate, Robert Hoffman,		
(272)	Laurence Miller, Arline Peyton.		
6	Royal Angus	David Kyle	Stan Eling
1976	Committee: Helen Eling, Laurence Miller, Arline Peyton, Rog		
(317)	Peyton.		
7	Royal Angus	John Brunner	Stan Eling
1977	Committee: Liese Hoare, Martin Hoare, Ian Maule,		
(278)	Janice Maule, Dave Langford.		
8	Holiday Inn	Anne McCaffrey	Laurence Miller
1978	Committee: Dave Holmes, Kathy Holmes, Chris Walton,		
(309)	Jackie Wright.		
9	Royal Angus	Christopher Priest	Rog Peyton
1979	Committee: Helen Eling, Stan Eling, Chris Morgan,		
(290)	Pauline Morgan, Paul Oldroyd.		

CON & YEAR	HOTEL	GUEST(S) OF HONOUR	CHAIR
10	Royal Angus	Brian W Aldiss	Rog Peyton
1980	Committee: Joseph Nicholas, Keith Oborn, Krystyna		
(495)	Oborn, Paul Oldroyd, Chris Walton.		
11	Royal Angus	Bob Shaw	Paul Oldroyd
1981	Committee: Helen Eling, Stan Eling, Joseph Nicholas,		
(362)	Phil Probert.		
12	Royal Angus	Harry Harrison	Rog Peyton
1982	Committee: Chris Baker, Dave Hardy, Eunice Pearson,		
(373)	Phil Probert.		
13	Royal Angus	Lisa Tuttle	Phil Probert
1983	Committee: Chris Donaldson, Steve Green, Dave Haden, Jan		
(339)	Huxley, Paul Oldroyd, Eunice Pearson, Paul Vincent, John Wilkes.		
14	Grand	Rob Holdstock	Steve Green
1984	Committee: Kevin Clarke, Ann Green, Dave Haden, Eunice		
(333)	Pearson, Phil Probert, Martin Tudor, Paul Vincent.		
15	De Vere	James White	Phil Probert
1985	(Coventry)	Dave Langford	
(340)	Committee: Tony Berry, Carol Pearson, Eunice Pearson, Graham Poole, Martin Tudor.		
16	De Vere	E C Tubb	Tony Berry
1986	(Coventry)	Chris Evans	
(257)	Committee: Nick Mills, Darroll Pardoe, Rosemary Pardoe, Graham Poole, Maureen Porter.		
17	Royal Angus	Iain Banks	Bernie Evans
1987	Committee: Mick Evans, Dave Hardy, Graham Poole,		
(315)	Stephen Rogers, Geoff Williams.		
18	Royal Angus	Garry Kilworth	Tony Berry
1988	Committee: Bernie Evans, Rog Peyton, Greg Pickersgill,		
(336)	Linda Pickersgill, Martin Tudor.		
19	The Excelsior	Geoff Ryman	Martin Tudor
1989	Committee: Tony Berry, Helena Bowles, Bernie Evans,		
(426)	Nick Mills, Pam Wells.		
20	The Excelsior	Dr Jack Cohen	Bernie Evans
1990	Committee: Al Johnston, Alice Lawson, Steve Lawson,		
(330)	Nick Mills, Richard Standage.		
21	Forte Post House	Colin Greenland	Nick Mills
1991	(ex-Excelsior)		
(200)	Committee: David T Cooper, Bernie Evans, Al Johnston,		

CON & YEAR	HOTEL	GUEST(S) OF HONOUR	CHAIR
	Alice Lawson, Steve Lawson, Chris Murphy.		
22	Royal Angus	Storm Constantine	Helena Bowles
1992	Committee: Tony Berry, Bernie Evans, Jenny Glover, Steve Glover,		
(300)	Carol Morton, Richard Standage.		
23	Royal Angus	Stephen Baxter	Carol Morton
1993	Committee: Helena Bowles, Bernie Evans, Tony Morton,		
(350)	Richard Standage.		
24	Royal Angus	Graham Joyce	Richard Standage
1994	Committee: Helena Bowles, Sarah Freakley, Carol Morton,		
(214)	Tony Morton, Chris Murphy, Martin Tudor.		
25	The Chamberlain	Brian W. Aldiss	Tony Morton
1995		Harry Harrison	
(338)		Bob Shaw	
	(Special Guest:	Iain M. Banks)	
	Committee: Tony Berry, Carol Morton, Chris Murphy, Richard Standage, Martin Tudor.		
26	The Ibis	David Gemmell	Carol Morton
1996	Committee: Sarah Freakley, Tony Morton, Chris Murphy, Richard		
(281)	Standage, Martin Tudor.		
27	The Abbey	Peter F. Hamilton	Martin Tudor
1997	(Great Malvern)		
(277)	Committee: Carol & Tony Morton, Chris Murphy, Mike D Siddall.		
28	Britannia	Paul J. McAuley	Martin Tudor
1998	Committee: Steve Lawson, pat McMurray, Carol & Tony Morton,		
(265)	Chris Murphy.		

Please note that hotels were in Birmingham unless otherwise stated and that the attendance figures above (the number in brackets under each year) have, in the majority of cases, been taken from the members listed when each Programme Book went to press. They are not final totals of the attendees at each of the Novacons. For example the final membership at Novacon 17 was 352 (not 315) and at Novacon 18 was 411 (not 336).

Novacon 29 by Carol Morton, Chair

Novacon 28 had one hell of a time trying to find a home. Only through Martin Tudor's determination never to give up did we find the Britannia Hotel and the

irony of it all is that the General Manager -- David Welch, was the General Manager at the Excelsior, so he knows all about us.

I did keep my options open as far as The Abbey Hotel in Great Malvern went, but I can announce that Novacon 29 will be back in the Britannia Hotel from 5th-7th November 1999 -- returning to our traditional first weekend in November.

I am even more pleased to announce that our GoH will be Professor Ian Stewart, a long time friend to Novacon. He is a writer of books on mathematics and associated scientific subjects (that are understandable even to someone like me who waved maths goodbye with enthusiasm when she left school). He is also no slouch when it comes to writing SF, both short stories and novels. Those of you who caught his Christmas Lectures on the BBC last year will know he is a wonderful speaker. I feel honoured that he accepted when I asked him to be GoH at Novacon 29.

I look forward to seeing you all at Novacon 29.

NOVACON 28 Attending Members as at 8th November:

230 S.M.S.
226 Marina
227 Irene
99 Michael Abbott
189 Jae Leslie Adams
2000 Andrew Adams
203 Brian W. Aldiss
38 Brian Ameringen
196 Chris Amies
212 Keith Armstrong-Bridges
213 Jill Armstrong-Bridges
214 Ewan Armstrong-Bridges
218 Margaret Austin
108 Mark Bailey
243 RachelBaker
242 Chris Baker
125 Amanda Baker
221 Cherith Baldry
183 Lee Banyon
174 John Bark
246 Kit Bathgate
201 Douglas Bell
27 Chris Bell
140 Tony Berry
151 Caroline Bott
154 Helena Bowles
92 Ray Bradbury
52 Simon Bradshaw
51 Bridget Bradshaw
45 Claire Brialey
127 Gordon W. Brignal
193 Christopher Brooks
233 John Brosnan
135 Tanya Brown
14 Pat Brown
15 Vernon Brown
97 Roger Burton West

104 Pat Cadigan
95 Steven Cain
220 K.I.M. Campbell
74 Robbie Cantor
53 Stuart Capewell
239 Catie Cary
182 Susie Cheyne
181 Chris Cheyne
261 James Clarke
126 David Clements
190 Cat Coast
41 Elaine Coates
234 Felix Cohen
163 Peter Cohen
156 Jack Cohen
46 Noel Collyer
10 Alison Cook
255 Phillip J. Cooper
161 K. D. Cosslett
241 Del Cotter
109 Dave Cox
265 Pat Cox
28 Arthur Cruttenden
166 Patrick Curzon
85 John Dallman
194 Julia Daly
123 Steve Davies
171 Malcolm Davies
50 Guy Dawson
49 Sue Dawson
164 Peter Day
124 Gulia De Cesare
54 Simon Dearn
248 T. Derwin
132 Sarah Dibb
205 Aidan Dixon
253 Vincent Docherty
129 Sam Dodsworth

59 Chris Donaldson
25 Paul Dormer
236 Fran Dowd
237 John Dowd
80 Tara Dowling-Hussey
75 Peter Dunn
31 Roger Earnshaw
219 Martin Easterbrook
19 Lynn Edwards
150 Lilian Edwards
107 Sue Edwards
187 Iain Eusley
83 Bernie Evans
82 Mick Evans
93 Nic Farey
195 Tommy Ferguson
20 Mike Ford
263 Chris Fowler
137 Vikki Lee France
110 Sue Francis
101 Shirley French
100 Dave French
64 Gwen Funnell
158 Nigel Furlong
202 Sabine Furlong
210 Victor Gonzalez
29 Niall Gordon
13 Wendy Graham
235 Michael Grant
172 Mike Gray
173 John Gray
121 Steve Green
122 Ann Green
260 Jim Haley
223 Margaret Hall
68 Peter F. Hamilton
11 Dave Hardy
71 John Harold

176 Colin Harris
119 Sue Harrison
113 John Harvey
114 Eve Harvey
8 Georgina Hawtrey-Woore
22 Julian Headlong
225 Les Heasman
128 Alison Henderson
264 Robert Hepworth
191 Dave Hicks
208 Michelle Hiley
207 Paul Hiley
168 Anders Holmstrom
76 Simon A. Hovell
152 Mark Huntley-James
224 Richard James
138 Steve Jeffery
90 Al Johnson
238 Alan Johnson
134 Steve Jones
66 Sue Jones
155 Graham Joyce
159 Debbi Kerr
199 Matt Kiessling
88 Paul Kincaid
211 Linda Krawecke
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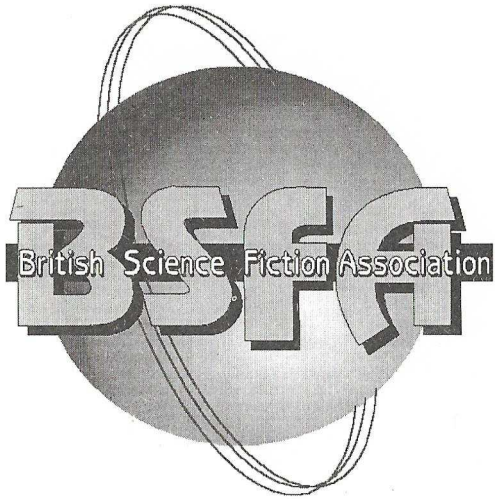

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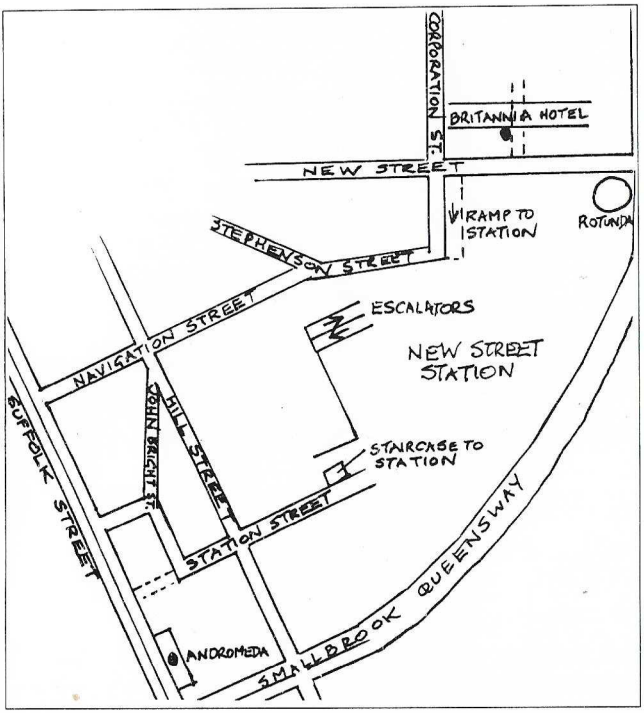

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